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THIRD YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1892

NO. 47.

The Bee.

TERMS.

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10:30 a. m.; Holy Communion and Benediction at
5:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. COOK, pastor.

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Services regularly held, morning and evening,
every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting
Thursday night.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services second Sunday evening and Sunday
each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night. J.
S. CLARK, pastor.

M. R. CHURCH.
Services first Sunday each month. Sunday
school at 10:00 a. m. Rev. J. S. COE, pastor.

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.
Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock,
and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30
a. m. W. W. DODGE, pastor.

MY. EION BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services Sabbath at 10:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sun-
day school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. DODGE, pastor.

MADISONVILLE.
BAPTIST CHURCH.
Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning
and evening, by J. N. CONGERS. First Sunday
meeting Thursday evening. Sunday school every
Sunday morning at 9:30.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by Elder F. L. PRYOR.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Sunday school
every Sunday morning at 9:30.

M. R. CHURCH, SOUTH.
Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by J. T. CHERRY. Prayer
meeting Thursday evening. Sunday school every
Sunday morning at 9:30.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Preaching every second and third Lord's day,
morning and evening, by F. A. LYON. Prayer
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday school at
9:30 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:30.
Prayer meeting every Sunday afternoon at 4
o'clock by J. S. COE, of the M. R. church.

Sodge Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 54, P. A.
Stated meetings every Wednesday evening
at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially
invited to attend. HENRY C. BOWLAND, W. M.
CHAS. CORWELL, Secretary.

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 50, P. A.
Stated meetings every Wednesday evening
at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially
invited to attend. J. B. WYATT, W. M.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 50, I. O. O. F.
Regular meetings every Tuesday evening
at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren especially
invited to attend. J. S. COE, W. M.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 8, KNIGHTS OF
PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the
Masonic hall. All members of the order are
cordially invited to attend. JESSE PILLARS, C. C.
THOS. HARRIS, M. of R. and S.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 6, A. O. U. W. meets
every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. P. M.
Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
H. W. HUFF, W. M.
T. G. TERRY, Recorder.

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THE ST. BERNARD CONCERT BAND meets at
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All musicians are invited to attend. Meetings
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County Clerk—John R. Green.
Judge of County Court—J. P. Dempsey.
County Attorney—C. J. Walden.
County Clerk—W. H. Arnold.
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County Jailor—Daniel Brown.
Superintendent of Schools—J. J. Gleason.
Coroner—L. D. H. Rodgers.

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County District—D. S. Shubert, F. E. Card-
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Without Change
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From St. Louis, Evansville
and Henderson to the

SOUTHEAST AND SOUTH!

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From above cities to Nashville
and Chattanooga, mak-
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C. P. ATKINS, G. P. & T. A.,
Louisville, Kentucky.

WRITE THEM TO-NIGHT.

Don't go to the theater, lecture or ball.
But stay in your room to-night.
Deny yourself to the friends that call.
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit, when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.
Write them a letter to-night.

Don't selfishly write: "Excuse my haste
I've scarcely time to write."
Lost their brooding thoughts go wandering
back
To many a by-gone night.
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.
Write them a letter to-night.

Don't let them feel that you've no more
need
Of their love and counsel wise;
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes,
It might be well to let them believe
You never forgot them quite—
That you deemed it a pleasure, when far
away,
Long letters home to write. Then—
Write them a letter to-night.

Don't think that the young and giddy
friends
Who make your pastime gay
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
Oh, write them a letter to-night.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

A STORY OF FATAL PASSION.

The tragic death some years ago
of young Maurits van Grovestyn—
"the last of the Grovestyns," as
his friends called him—filled New
York with wonder and pity. He
had been struck and instantly
killed by the Chicago Express while
crossing the railway tracks at Rah-
way, whither he had gone to call
upon an impecunious and married
old college friend.

He had been popular alike with
men and women. Unspoiled by
his riches, handsome, modest and
manly, he had gained an enviable
reputation in New York—city of
roystering blades and bragging
young prodigals. No tales had
ever been whispered about him by
decorous matrons, rumor had never
coupled his name with the fa-
vorites of the footlights, nor had af-
fairs of a more serious nature been
hinted at. He drank moderately,
played only because a man in the
swim is sometimes obliged to do so,
and his finances were known to be
in good order. So no reason for
suicide could be pointed out, and
the unanimous verdict of the world
was, that it had been a frightful
accident. The men at the club
talked about it in hushed tones that
night. Society eulogized him and
remembered his good looks and
perfect breeding, then forgot him
the next week at the Patriarch's
Ball. A distant relative inherited
his fortune, and in time took his
place in society and at the club.

About a year before the accident
van Grovestyn had met Mrs. Calvin
Bicknell at a ball. He had waltz-
ed with her twice, and sat out two
more dances with her in the con-
servatory. Her brilliant conversa-
tion had interested him even as her
piquant beauty aroused his admira-
tion. She was a Californian, en-
dowed with all the peculiar grace
and witchery of the women of her
race. The stately pride of Spain,
the inviting vivacity of southern
blood, and the sparkling intellect
of the American woman, were
blended in her in a way that made
her company as heady as Hunga-
rian wine. She was tall and slen-
der, with well-rounded, tapering
arms and beautiful hands. She
had a well shaped head, a charm-
ing little nose and a clever, mock-
ing mouth. Her eyes were of won-
drous green, accentuated by minute
flecks of gold, and their sparkling
iris expanded and contracted con-
stantly. These eyes had settled
van Grovestyn's fate. They were
like the Pacific at twilight, when
the limpid green waters gently
cradle the aureate rays of the sun.
Their lashes were long and silken,
hovering on her cheeks like but-
terflies alighting on the blushing heart
of a tea-rose. Her hair had the
sheen of bronzed gold in its wavy
locks, and again it showed the still
darker reflex of burnished copper.

Clean of life and pure of heart,
van Grovestyn worshipped Adele
Bicknell from that night. The
coarse love affairs of his compan-
ions had never attracted him, for
he had a deep-rooted aversion for
all that was ignoble and low, and
consequently had never passed the
experiences that are commonly
held to form the man of the world.
She was his first love.

Adele Bicknell had been married

seven years to a rich banker, a prosy
and pompous aristocrat, whose
pride of race—he was of Puritan
blood—was proverbial. Her senior
by fully thirty years, he demanded
of his wife not love, but respect for
the great name she bore, and the
stately demeanor of a duchess of
the ancient regime. They had one
child, a boy with golden curls and
his mother's winsome face. He was
his father's hope and pride, and the
heir of his name and fortune, and
his mother's consolation through
the weary days of soulless splendor.

Love she had never known. The
book of life with its ecstasies of bliss
lay still unopened before her. And
now the gates were suddenly thrown
wide open. The gleaming light
streamed in and blinded her.

They were happy days, those
days of newborn love. Balmy
spring made place for scorching
summer. August came and then
September; October passed with
its chilly days and foggy nights.
But in their hearts spring contin-
ued to reign.

One day in early winter—Adele
had gone to San Francisco on a
long-delayed visit to her mother—
Mr. Bicknell approached van Gro-
vestyn at the club and invited him
informally to take dinner at his
house that night. His manner was
pleasant, even politely insistent,
and though van Grovestyn felt a
quail at the thought of accepting
the hospitality of the man whose
honor he had stolen, he could find
no valid excuse, and soon found
himself carried off in his host's
carriage.

The dinner was perfect, and Mr.
Bicknell most amiable. But when
the cigars had been lighted and the
servant had left the dining room
his manner suddenly changed.

"Let us go into the library," he
said, with a cutting coolness, "I
must talk with you to-night."

A sudden intuition told him all
was lost. The knowledge of it
came over him like an icy blast and
paralyzed his power of speech. Yes,
his husband knew all, and a vague
fear came over him, not for himself
but for her, so good, so pure. He
must save her name at any price!
This thought stood out clear in his
confused brain.

He rose mechanically and fol-
lowed Bicknell into the library.

"Sit down," said the latter. Van
Grovestyn obeyed in silence. The
taste of his cigar had grown bitter
on his lips and his temples throbb-
ed. He mastered his emotion
with difficulty and narrowly watch-
ed the master of the house, who
softly stepped to the door, locked
it, turned down the light, and seat-
ed himself in the shadow. Five
minutes passed. Then Bicknell
threw away his cigar and said quietly:

"You will give me your word of
honor, Mr. van Grovestyn, that
what is to be spoken here to-night
will never pass your lips."

"I promise," said the latter, with
parched lips.

"Very well," said Bicknell, in the
same monotone. "Ever since the
settlement of my family in this
country, the men of our race have
been manly, its women pure. No
breath of scandal has ever touched
our name. For over two hundred
years we have looked at the world
with frank eyes and shown to it
that patrician pride is compatible
with republican principles. No one
can better appreciate pride of birth
than you."

He paused.

Van Grovestyn looked at him in-
tently.

"My great-grandfather fell at
Bunker Hill," continued Bick-
nell, "his sword hangs over there.
My grandfather was wounded in
the War of 1812, and my brother
died in the Wilderness defending
the Stars and Stripes. I, too, serv-
ed through the Civil War. I have
been true to the traditions of my
house. I have honored my wife
and my country; I have never
swerved from the path of honor and
duty, and to my son I shall leave
an unsullied name!"

His voice had suddenly risen and
he stood erect. All pompousness
had gone from him and he looked
noble, impressive, with flashing
eyes and compressed lips.

Then he seated himself anew and
continued with forced calmness:

"Two weeks ago I discovered
everything. Pray do not interrupt
me. I did not employ detectives.
Nobody knows of this but you and
I, and—"

He hesitated, then stopped. He
found it impossible to pronounce
his wife's name in the presence of
her lover. He felt his self-control

weakening and he must be calm.
His honor, the honor of the child,
everything depended on that. In
a few moments he resumed:

"This secret will be buried far
from the prying eyes of the world.
My son shall live to reverence his
mother's memory, the memory of
the mother who trampled his honor
under her feet. Mrs. Bicknell—
shall forever remain ignorant of the
fact that her disgrace is known to
me; that knowledge would make
her unfit to educate her son. And
for his sake—for his sake alone—do
I refrain from driving her from my
home and chastising you in public."

Van Grovestyn rose at this in-
stant, with set teeth. For a moment
he forgot all—prudence, the wish
to shield her—in the mad desire to
punish this man. He opened his
lips, but Bicknell continued coolly:

"Pray keep quiet. I know what
you are going to say. You must
forbid me to insult you; you must
defend her, and command me not
to speak of her in such terms.
Spare me all that, I beg of you.
Your personal courage I do not
doubt, and I promise you that I
will put it to a severe test."

"For while I thought of chal-
lenging you. But what good would
that have done? I might kill you,
but my honor would be lost. No
pretext could be found that would
keep the truth from the world which
so loves to besmear fair names."

A blind fury overpowered him
and he sat silent, his eyes blood-
shot and gleaming, his hands nerv-
ously grasping the arms of his
chair. Van Grovestyn watched
him in silence. He saw no light
in this long discourse, no threat to
guide him in divining this man's
intentions. Whither was it all to
lead?

Bicknell suddenly changed his
position, and continued in a changed
voice:

"To preserve his honor a man
must hide his dishonor from the
mob. I have battled hard with my
desire to kill you like a dog."

Again van Grovestyn arose to
his feet. An uncontrollable fury
raged in his heart at this brutal in-
sult, and with raised hands he took
a quick stride toward this man, who
sat glaring at him with eyes of fire.

But once again Bicknell stopped
him with a commanding gesture,
and continued:

"Keep quiet, for upon that de-
pends her fate, I tell you. Do not
provoke me further, or I, too, should
be unable to restrain myself, and
then would follow the scandal which
must be prevented. Listen. I
have vanquished my desire to kill
you for my son's sake. And for
his sake will I spare that woman.
But I hate you—I hate you and
you shall pay me dearly!"

And after a few moments he
added with an indescribable, ex-
ulting accent:

"I shall be avenged, but the
world shall never know."

"I am prepared to give you sat-
isfaction," said van Grovestyn firmly.
"Spare her, I beg of you, spare
her, that is all I ask."

"I demand your life."

Van Grovestyn started. His life?
Had he not just said that a duel
was impossible? He looked in-
quiringly at Bicknell, who contin-
ued with a sneering smile.

"Surely, a woman's honor is not
too dearly paid with the life of a
gentleman. You say that you are
willing to give me the satisfaction
I ask. I demand your life."

Van Grovestyn remained per-
fectly still. He felt that an explana-
tion was near at last. Besides he
dreaded another outbreak, knowing
that neither Bicknell nor he would
be able to restrain himself again.
And had he not declared that upon
his calmness depended her fate?

Bicknell leaned forward in his
chair. The veins of his temples
were purplish and swollen, and his
eyes gleamed with smoldering pas-
sion. He locked his hands firmly
together and pressed his elbows on
his knees. His self-command was
weakening, and the impulse to
strike the pale, handsome face be-
fore him rushed through his breast.
He leaned further forward still, his
lips half-opened in a triumphant
smile. Then he glanced at the
picture of his son upon the table.
By a supreme effort he repressed
the passion raging in his heart;
then, suddenly, the horror of what
he was about to say to this man be-
came plain to him and he wavered.
But only